

GIRL CONFESSES TOMBS ESCAPE PLOT

MARCH'S STORY OF BECKER'S FORTUNE FAILS

WEATHER—Probably fair to-night and Friday.

FINAL
EDITION.

The



World.

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EDITION.

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RAIDER'S POLITICAL ALLY COLLAPSES AS GRAND JURY SHATTERS STOCK DEAL TALE

District Leader March Fails to Convince That Wall Street Built Lieutenant's Fortune in Few Months.

BANKER ALSO A WITNESS
TO TELL OF ACCOUNTS.

Graft Trailer Osborne May Be Chief Prober at "John Doe" Hearings Before Goff.

The Grand Jury in the Rosenthal case spent nearly two hours to-day investigating the allegation that Lieut. Charles Becker's wealth in cash and real estate was gleaned in a few months from speculation in stocks. Confirmation of the story was not obtained and the Grand Jury, which was to have been discharged, was continued solely to handle any further attempts which may be made to explain Becker's prosperity.

District-Attorney Whitman is convinced that all the money Becker poured into banks and invested in real estate during his term as commander of Raids Squad No. 1 came to him in the shape of graft from gamblers and disorderly housekeepers. Consequently when James E. March, the Republican district leader, who furnished bail for Becker's two former lieutenants, White and Steinert, declared that Becker had won money in Wall street, the District-Attorney was interested.

He issued a subpoena for March to appear before the Grand Jury and Becker appeared to-day. Mr. Whitman, who had just returned from a visit to Justice Goff, took personal charge of the examination of March. The swarthy little district leader was in the Grand Jury room an hour, telling his direct story.

Mr. Whitman questioned him repeatedly along certain lines and some of March's answers did not always match previous answers. At the end of an hour March, white and trembling, left the Grand Jury room and was escorted to an anteroom and locked in. Then a guard was placed on the door.

Joseph Francolini, President of the Italian Savings Bank at Spring and Lafayette streets, who had been mentioned by March as a co-conspirator in his statements, was the next witness. Mr. Francolini was in the Grand Jury room only a few minutes. Apparently he had not furnished the necessary confirmation for March was then hurried back before the Grand Jury for another session.

WHITMAN'S THEORY OF GRAFT BOARD UNSHAKEN.

The secrets of the Grand Jury room were not revealed, but it is known that the District-Attorney still believes nearly every penny of Becker's wealth in banks and real estate was accumulated by graft. The Grand Jury adjourned until next Tuesday in order to be on hand should any other line of inquiry as to Becker's prosperity present themselves.

Justice Goff may not be ready to proceed on Sept. 3 with the John Doe investigation. The investigation will be opened on that date, but actual work will not be taken up before Sept. 9.

The police graft investigation arising out of the murder of Herman Rosenthal is now practically in the hands of Justice John W. Goff of the Supreme Court. In conducting the John Doe proceedings, which are to be started next week, it is the programme already arranged does not fall through. Justice Goff is to be assisted, it is reported, by former Assistant District-Attorney James W. Osborne.

District-Attorney Whitman, apparently, is to play but a minor part in the John Doe investigation. He expects to have his time fully occupied in the trials of the men under indictment for the murder of the gambler.

In the absence from the city of Mr. Osborne, confirmation of the report that is to be the John Doe inquiry investigator could not be secured when it first gained currency. But the news came from a source usually authentic and it was credited because of the high regard Justice Goff is known to entertain for Mr. Osborne's ability as a digger and a cross-examiner.

Mr. Osborne conducted the Ice Trust investigation, at which Justice Goff pre-

(Continued on Second Page.)

RAIDER BECKER'S FRIEND
WHO TOLD GRAND JURY
OF QUICK-RICH DEALS.



JAMES E. MARCH

TWO GIRL PICKETS GET THIRTY DAYS FOR EGG THROWING

Pretty Sisters, Fifth Ave. Strikers, Sent to Island for Spattering Shopper.

Two young and pretty girls, sisters, are the first of the pickets in the Fifth Avenue strike of furriers to have fallen upon them the heavy hand of the law. The girls were this morning sentenced by Magistrate Krotel to thirty days' imprisonment in the Workhouse on Blackwell's Island.

Every morning about 200 of the pickets assemble in front of the boycotted neighborhood, and every morning some of them are taken into custody by the police and fined from \$3 to \$5 for disorderly conduct. That has been the punishment for assaulting special policemen, spitting in their faces as well as those of the girls who have taken the strikers' places. Usually, this has been done only by the men strikers. They have been fined and turned loose to go out and do it again. Only a few mornings since the reserves had to be called out to clear the avenue, and a special policeman was compelled to draw his revolver to save himself from being trampled on by pickets and their supporters.

Mrs. Ella Rathjen of No. 77 Lynch street, Brooklyn, was one of the shoppers in the district this morning. It was about 5 o'clock and Katherine Urbin, aged nineteen, and her sister, Josephine, living at No. 48 East Fourteenth street, were on the picket line. Josephine held a bag of overripe eggs and tomatoes and Katherine proceeded to bombard Mrs. Rathjen with the contents. The girl threw as straight as any twirler in a big league and before Mrs. Rathjen realized that she was the object of assault her face and handsome gown were besmeared with the eggs.

The avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, was crowded with women shoppers and a small riotous party resulted. Women screamed and made for the shops, automobiles and carriages. Policemen Ryan of the Tenderloin station rushed into the fray, dodged an egg and just missed a tomato as he grabbed the Urbin catpaw. He reached for Josephine at the same time. She threw her bag into the street. Off to jail they were carried and Mrs. Rathjen followed to make the complaint.

Into the Yorkville Court many of the pickets and strikers crowded and there were five dollar bills ready in plenty to be paid for the release of the girls if fined. But there was no release. Mrs. Rathjen's face and clothing bore mute evidence of her story and the latter was corroborated by the police. The girls admitted that they were pickets but denied that they had been on the Fifth Ave.

"Disorderly and riotous conduct must cease and passersby must be protected," said Magistrate Krotel. "I am going to make an example of you girls. You are both sentenced to the Workhouse on Blackwell's Island for thirty days."

LITTLE GIRL MUST CROSS SEA ALONE, FOR SHIP LEFT HER

11-Year-Old Irene's Mother and Brothers Sailed Away on Kaiserin Without Her.

FOUND CRYING IN PARK.

Policemen Act as Good Samaritans, but Fail to Find Her Mamma.

What's a little eleven-year-old girl like Irene Toth going to do in a city of four and a half million people, alone and with her mamma and her brother, Alfred, and her brother, Louis, out on the big ocean in a ship?

Honestly, little Irene didn't know, to-day, when a big policeman held her up from the Hamburg-American dock over in Hoboken, so she could see through flooding tears in vain search for her mother's face, the steamer rail of the great Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, already out in the stream and moving away on her trip to Hamburg. Then Irene buried her head on the big policeman's shoulder and sobbed, "Mamma—my mamma" until that regular, stout member of the force felt a strong impulse to grab her hand over his eyes and did so without shame.

Detective Luckmann of Headquarters, while strolling through City Hall Park near 10 o'clock this morning, discovered a very little girl sitting on a bench and crying as if her heart would break. He stopped, patted her head and asked her what her trouble was.

LITTLE GIRL HORSE WAS CAUSE OF IRENE'S TROUBLES.

"I've lost my mamma," the little one sobbed. "An' she's going to sail away for some little city away off in Hungary with—without me."

Detective Luckmann sat down beside Irene, put a big arm about her shoulders and asked her to tell him all about it. Irene, who is only eleven, but bright and sharp with her four years in school, told the big man beside her all that rode heavy on her heart.

She said that because her father had died her mamma had decided to go back to the little town in Hungary where she had been born and bought tickets for the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria—Irene remembered that long name perfectly. They had started from their old home at No. 355 East Seventh-street to come down on the Third Avenue elevated with their bundles of precious treasures gripped in their hands. But on the way down Alfred, who is only six, and, of course, did not know better, began to cry bitterly because mamma had left his tin horse behind.

Baby Alfred cried so hard and was so miserable that finally mamma had given Irene 10 cents, told her to get off at the Thirty-fourth street station and go back to the old home to find Alfred, and she would wait for her in City Hall Park and they would all go over to Hoboken together.

"I got the tin horse—here it is," sobbed Irene, displaying a battered chestnut steed with a wry neck to her protector. But I've looked and I've looked all over the park and I can't find mamma and the brothers."

IRENE WILL SAIL ALONE IN STATE, IF MAMMA'S GONE.

It was within twenty-five minutes of sailing time when Luckmann had all the little girl's story of woe. He rushed into the station of Traffic A, in the basement of the hall, and turned out a dozen reserves to help search the green spaces in the park. But the big hands in the clock jumped around to twenty minutes of eleven in no time, and mamma was still missing.

"Come on with me, Irene," then said the masterful cop. "We'll jump to Hoboken and find ma and the kids on the boat."

So they jumped. But it was too late. As Luckmann dashed down the pier, he saw the Kaiserin's gangplank being swung in. The big boat was already backing out into the river. Then he lifted Irene on his shoulder and told her to look—look, as hard as she could and see if mamma was by the rail.

Irene did so. She thought maybe she saw mamma and then she was sure she did. So a little girl of eleven was left alone in this big city.

The Hamburg-American people will send a wireless to the Kaiserin to learn if Mrs. Toth is aboard. If she is, Irene will travel in state aboard the President Lincoln next Tuesday and join her in Hamburg. Meanwhile Irene will be cared for by the Children's Society.

GIRL WHO WAS LEFT
BEHIND WHEN MOTHER
AND BROTHERS SAILED



EIGHT LITTLE PIGS WENT—NOT TO MARKET; WELL, TWO GOT OUT

Then East Side Chased and Rear-Enders Yelled 'Thieves!' and 'Lynch Him!'

Between eight little pigs and a near riot and chase on the east side, in which several hundred excited citizens and persons who are not citizens yet took part, there seems little connection. Nevertheless, by the time the crowd which fought and ran itself breathless along First Avenue to-day, calling for thieves and murderers to stop and be taken, had been pacified, the connection was fully established.

The eight little hairy, bleary-eyed porkers came from Huntington, L. I., in a crate consigned to the A. T. Morton Association. A committee had arranged for the disposal to-night of the late occupants of Huntington. In fancy the club members could see the sucklings turned to a tender brown, with each little pig holding a red apple in its mouth and swimming in its own gravy.

The crate, in the arms of Fritz Stahlhammer, landed on the sidewalk before the clubhouse, No. 32 First Avenue, and the squealing that went up had no joyous tone. Fritz wiped the perspiration from his forehead and went to a corner saloon. A crowd of boys gathered before the crate.

Little Ike Bloom, who knows all about animals from natural history books, pried off one of the slats to show the other boys. Two black and white piglets jumped to the sidewalk and streaked down First Avenue. The howls of the youngsters attracted several grown-ups, and the grown-ups attracted more, and all joined in the chase. The late comers did not exactly know what they were chasing and some one thought it was a pickpocket. "Lynch him," cried women who raced along the avenue holding their skirts. "He struck a woman," some one cried, and their fury made those in the rear crowd on the leaders.

The pigs kept together, dodging under pushcarts, which were overturned in the scramble. Then the divide and conquer idea took hold of the little fellows and one shot through the open door of John Rohlf's store, No. 16 First Avenue, crouching in a corner, where John pinned him down after a dying tackle. The crowd piled into the store and was put out only after a near riot had ensued over whether John was the pickpocket or the fellow who hit the woman.

The one pig that kept the straight road disappeared. All along First Avenue, hungry-eyed boys all day poked in celars and under boxes for him. It is just eleven pounds of solid, eighteen karat pig meat, tender and juicy. The chances of the A. T. Morton Association getting him back look slim.

REMARKS OF CHIEF
For all Councils, Central, South American and Bermuda steamship lines, Travelers' checks and money orders, baggage and parcel check books open day and night. The World Travel Bureau, 1000, Pulitzer (World) Building, 1000, Fifth Ave., N. Y. Telephone Between 4000, 5000.

JUST LIKE POKER, THAT GAME UP AT BRIDGIE WEBBER'S

So Manager Is Held in \$1,500 Bail Charged With Being Gambler.

CERTAINLY WERE JACKS.

And There Was One Policeman in Raid Who Never Played Pinochle.

Kirke Browne, the manager of the poker rooms at Forty-second street and Sixth Avenue which were known as Bridgie Webber's Club and which it is charged were the headquarters of the assassins who went forth to murder Herman Rosenthal, was held by Magistrate House in the West Side Court as a common gambler this afternoon in bail of \$1,500, which was furnished.

The trial amused and excited a large audience of men whose faces are familiar up and down Broadway late at night. The police witnesses were those on whose evidence Police Inspector Dwyer raided the place on Aug. 26. The first, Policeman Dennis D. Gleason, said that he had walked into the "club room" Aug. 21, and had found a room furnished with eight tables, covered with green cloth. He saw eight men at different tables dealing and looking at handfuls of cards, and saying to each other "that's good," "you win," and "I pass." He saw them from time to time contributing "irregular discs of bone or composition" to the centre of the table and then individually gathering in these tokens. He could not say that the tokens represented money.

"Was the game poker?" Gleason was asked.

"I don't know," said Gleason, with a smile of childlike innocence.

HELP! HE NEVER PLAYED POKER OR PINOCHE.

"Do you know the difference between the game of poker and the game of pinochle?" asked Attorney Robert Moore, representing Browne.

"No, sir," said the big policeman, "I never played either."

Having nothing more to do and not understanding what was going on, Gleason testified, he walked out again. Oh, yes, there was something he had forgotten.

He had seen two gentlemen—he thought they were colored—cooking a meal at the back of the room on a stove.

Policeman Wersheimer told of visiting the place on Aug. 23. He found no guard at the door, which was not locked.

"I saw eight men sitting at a table playing poker," said Wersheimer, boldly. I know it was poker. The table was marked with white circles showing where each man placed his chips. I saw a hand played in which everybody dropped out except the dealer and the man who opened the jackpot. The opener had jacks and aces and the dealer had aces and sevens and a king and the dealer won and took the chips."

Policeman Wersheimer did not know how much money the chips represented, or even that they represented any. He also observed two colored citizens busy about the stove, and having no busy business in hand retired.

INSPECTOR BELIEVED GAME PLAYED WAS POKER.

Inspector Dwyer testified that he had entered the place on Aug. 26, in consequence of an article he read in a newspaper which revealed the fact that he had obtained a warrant for the arrest of Browne. The inspector knew the game of poker, was familiar with it and to the best of his knowledge and belief the game being played when he entered was poker.

The inspector said that he found thirteen boxes of playing cards, each containing a dozen packs of cards, and several hundred chips and took them to the station with him. Mr. Moore argued that only presumptive guilt had been established. He quoted from many legal volumes. One of his quotations referred to a reversal of the decision of Magistrate House by the Court of Appeals on a similar decision. Magistrate House was not impressed.

"I am a pretty good guesser, Mr. Moore," he said. "And I guess that the defendant was playing poker and I guess that I will hold him as a common gambler as charged."

PRISONER'S FIANCEE TELLS OF BOLD PLAN TO FREE YOUNG THUG

Confesses She Smuggled Saws and Acid Into City Prison in Daring Attempt at Jail Delivery.

HOLE FOUND BY WARDEN
IN VENTILATOR OF CELL

Reynolds Fosbrey, Ex-Convict, Indicted for Two Murders, Failed in His Effort to Gain Freedom.

It was revealed this afternoon by Deputy Commissioner of Corrections William Wright that a pretty Brooklyn girl had carried the three saws and the bottle of nitric acid to Reynolds Fosbrey, the young footpad charged with two murders, who was saving his way out of the Tombs when his desperate plan to free himself and several other prisoners was discovered.

The young girl's name is Margaret Ryan and she lives on Keep street, Brooklyn. She was engaged to marry the young highwayman and had planned to flee with him to Canada if he made good his escape. She was so completely fascinated by him that the fact that he was charged with two wantonly brutal murders did not serve to cool the ardor of her passion and she readily yielded to the plan to aid in the jail delivery.

GIRL BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES.

Acting under instructions she received from Fosbrey the young girl bought the three saws in a hardware store on Centre street, only a few blocks from the Tombs. She obtained the nitric acid in a nearby drug store. The saws she concealed in her corset and the bottle of acid in her pompadour. She was able to slip the saws and the bottle to her lover while they conversed through a barred door, with turnkeys and trustees on every side. Just how this sort of thing passed detection has not been explained.

The highwayman's fiancée paid several visits to the Tombs before she carried in the saws and acid. She saved the name of Miss May Hays and her address as No. 52 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn. She called again to see Fosbrey after the discovery of the jail delivery plot had been made and when cross-examined by Warden Fulton broke down and confessed.

Deputy Commissioner Wright, who talked to the girl yesterday afternoon and again to-day, was convinced that she was more to be pitied than blamed and committed her to the care of the Catholic Protective Society. She will not be prosecuted.

FOSBREY INDICTED FOR TWO MURDERS.

Named as murderer in an indictment handed down by the Brooklyn Grand Jury to-day and about to be arraigned before Coroner Hollenstien in this borough for holding up and smothering to death Morris Schwarzkopf, a jeweler, in his shop at No. 8 Delancey street on July 25 last, Fosbrey had planned an amazingly bold jail delivery that was barely discovered in time to prevent his escape.

News of the plot and how it was frustrated by Warden Fulton of the Tombs and his keepers was made public while the Brooklyn murder indictment was being drawn and just before the arraignment of the desperate young criminal before Coroner Hollenstien.

Following a brief inquest into the Schwarzkopf case and a sensational scene caused by the widow of the murdered man, Fosbrey was recommitted to the Tombs to await two trials for murder. In the Brooklyn case he is charged with being one of the robbers who shot down and killed Walter Meseritz, a Flatbush avenue haberdasher, on Feb. 24 last.

HAS LONG RECORD FOR CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.

With two open-and-shut murder cases against him and the blackest sort of record for crimes of violence, the little hatchet-faced desperado had planned a

6,000 SEE AVIATOR FALL IN FAIR GROUND FLIGHT

Stevenson, Recently at Mineola, Badly Injured in Crash and Runaway of Biplane.

(Special to The Evening World.)
WAYNESBURG, Pa., Aug. 29.—Aviator Joseph Stevenson of Pittsburgh fell while making a flight in a biplane this afternoon at the Waynesburg Fair Grounds and was badly injured. Six thousand persons saw Stevenson's plunge from a height of over one hundred feet when his engine went dead. His biplane crashed into the fence at the western end of the race track, balanced a second and then plunged down an embankment with Stevenson in the wrecked machine.

Stevenson was taken to the Waynesburg Hospital where the physicians stated he was in a critical condition. Stevenson only recently came from Mineola, L. I., where he had been flying.

HENRY GEORGE SICK.

Congressman Suffers Breakdown in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Suffering from a serious nervous breakdown, Representative Henry George of New York, son of the celebrated "single taxer," is confined to his home here. Under physicians' orders all callers are denied. When improved, Representative George will rest at his country home until Congress convenes in December.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

AT NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN 200
GIANTS 000

AT PHILADELPHIA.

BOSTON 0000000
PHILADELPHIA 0000121

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

AT WASHINGTON.

HIGHLANDERS 00010
WASHINGTON 00000